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A Smackman's Story.

'I was one of the biggest drunkards in the fleet; every one knew what I was, and thank God, they know what I am. I'll tell you how it came about.'

Well, you see, this 'ere mission-ship comes to our fleet, and the men were all talking about it. I was fonder a deal of the Coper than of any Gospel-ship, and I vowed I'd never set foot on her deck. But a few weeks after the mission-ship got in company with my vessel. I tried to beat off from her, but the wind held me, and I couldn't.

By and by the mission-skipper sang out to me, 'Come aboard and have a cup of coffee!' I didn't like to say no. It looked surly like.

So I went, firmly determined to hear nothing about religion.

We had a comfortable chat over the coffee, and then I said I'd be off. I was afeared what was to come. 'No,' said the skipper, 'we don't do it that way on board this ship. We don't have any leave without a word of prayer.' Whether or no, I had to give in, and, for the first time in my life knelt in Christian prayer—though of course I didn't pray. I got up pretty quick after prayer, I can tell you, but the words read from the Book stuck to me.

Next day he sang out to me to come aboard again, but I said, 'Not for me; I was miserable enough yesterday.'

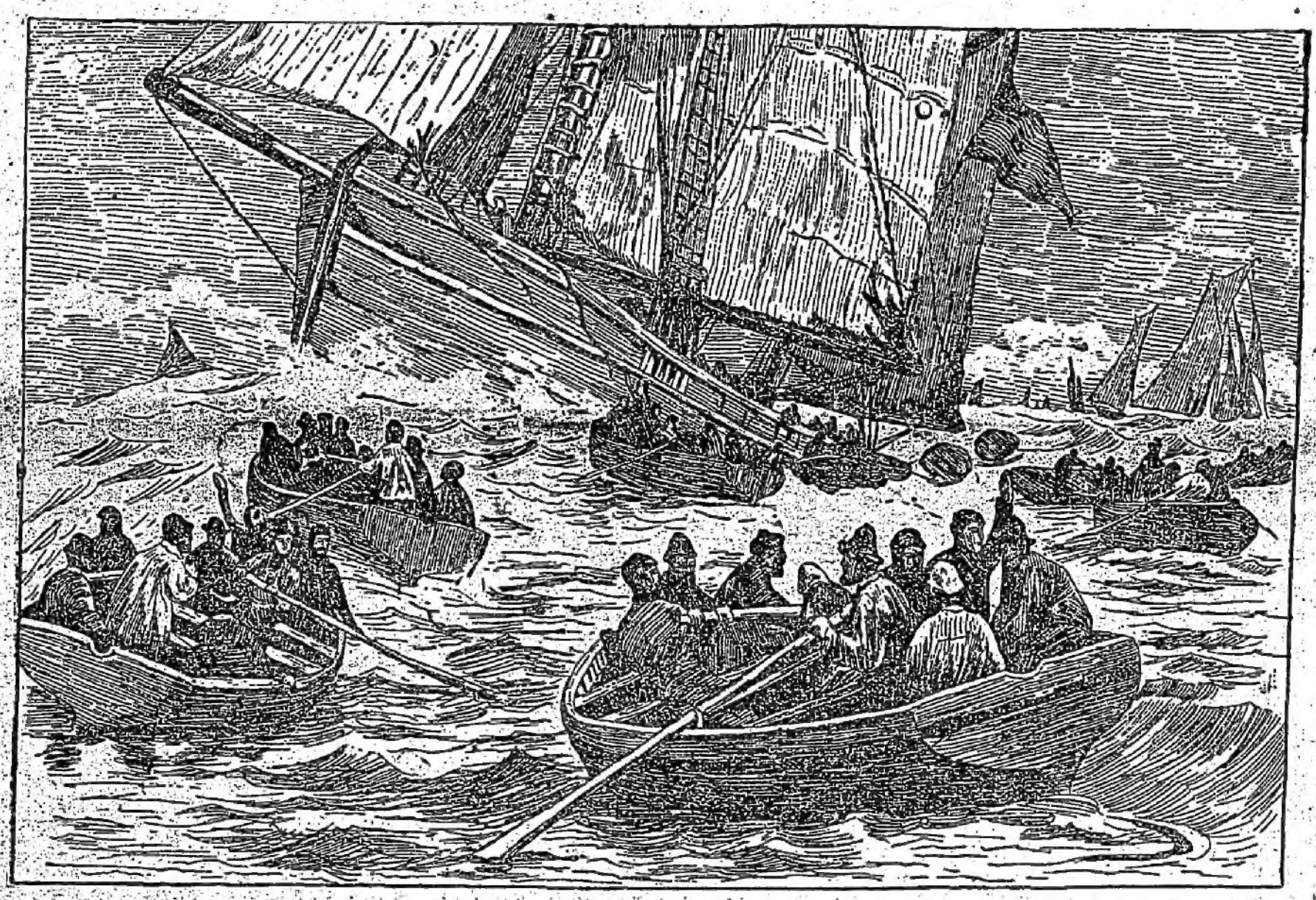
For nearly a week I kept to windward of the mission-ship, and she couldn't get near me. I got on board the Coper, and was soon as drunk as ever. I gave the holy ship a wide berth for a long time; but one morning I don't know how it was, I found her right close to me.

Then the skipper came on board, and talked straight to me. He saw in a minute that I was ashamed of myself. I talked loud and big, though I'd been perfectly wretched all the time I'd been drinking.

He saw how it was, and got me on board his ship. Then when I heard about Christ saving the chief of sinners, I said, 'That's me,' and broke down like a baby, saying, "If he'll save me here goes, I'm in for it." I tell you he did, though I was a rare bad 'un.

'Now, thank God, I'm saved, and my crew are all on the Lord's side. There's my son, and his son, three generations of us, and we're all serving the Lord, bless his name!'

The man's life bore witness to the truth of his conversion, and it was amply borne out by the evidence of his comrades in the fleet. —'Toilers of the Deep.'



GOING TO SERVICE ON THE MISSION VESSEL.

A Word to Business Girls.

A host of girls are employed in business, in one or another capacity. As saleswomen, as *stenographers*, as *clerks in offices* or assistants in counting rooms, young girls are entering upon careers of industry, and occasionally of money making, as their brothers do. Their bright, alert faces, their gentle voices and dainty costumes quite transform dingy places of business, and old-fashioned people own that a new element has been introduced into commercial and professional life, with the very general employment of women.

A girl, beginning her business life, should determine to be prompt and thorough, equally with a young man, if she expects a day's wages for a day's work. She must give the full measure of her day, not snipping off a few minutes here and a few minutes there.

She must finish up whatever she undertakes. Our sex are so quick that we sometimes fall short by reason of our flashing and snatching at things, instead of going to the heart of them. In business, loose ends cannot be tolerated. A girl is held as strictly to account for every error as is her fellow-employee, who is a boy. If Miss—— makes mistakes, omits words in her typewriting, fails to sell goods, does or does not anything opposed to the code of the establishment where she is engaged, she is held responsible. Of this no girl complains. It is the just pride of the business girl that all she asks is a fair field and no favor. Give her standing room and she will prove her ability to maintain her ground.

The next thing to be spoken of is rather more delicate. I do not like to say that the business girl should always be consciously on her guard about her behavior, because her behavior should be habitually so above criticism that conscious guard would hardly enter into it. But a girl thrown daily and freely into the company of men, both married and single, necessarily obliged to spend hours with some who may not be so honorable as the right-minded and chivalrous Christian gentleman is, always and everywhere, needs to have a high ideal and to live up to it.

It is safe for such a girl never to accept

even seemingly innocent attentions, and even unimportant gifts from an employer, or a fellow associate in the business house. To the girl, weary with the routine of the office, it looks like a pleasant break when a dignified or agreeable masculine friend, whom she sees every day, invites her to go to luncheon with him, or suggests an afternoon excursion on a half-holiday. The thing, however, is not justifiable, and often indulgence in what is apparently a perfectly innocent pleasure leads to misunderstanding and unhappiness. It is a good rule for the business girl never to go anywhere or do anything in any company concerning which secrecy is enjoined or tacitly implied. Let the young woman keep the line of her friendships and intimacies as a separate matter, known and approved of by her home friends, and not mix up with the duties and obligations of her office or her store.

The young girl coming from a village, where she has known and been on good terms with every one, to a great city, where necessarily she meets a host of strangers, should take special care to let her business life be that of a thoughtful, self-respecting woman.

All this is quite consistent with cheerful manners and pleasant ways. One does not need to label herself as unapproachable, or, above everything, as suspicious and ready to stand on the defensive. Every requirement of the position is met by deportment which is regulated according to common-sense and self-respect. A girl in business should put herself behind her work and allow absorption in that to be her sufficient shield.—Margaret E. Sangster.

I Don't Believe It.

Fire! Fire! In the middle of the night the cry echoed through the quiet streets, and in a short space of time a crowd of aroused sleepers had gathered to the spot. Ere long, fire-engines arrived at the blazing house at full speed and these were followed by the fire-escape. Every face was now turned towards the upper windows; and loud hurrahs of excited applause greeted the firemen, as, scorched and half stifled, they came down the ladders with their human burdens.

'Stop! stop!' shouted a spectator, who had just arrived, and was pushing his way through the crowd; 'Firemen, have you got out a young man—tall—dark hair?'

'No!' answered the firemen; 'whereabouts does he sleep?'

'Top garret, back.'

'Then the Lord have mercy on him,' said the fireman, and pointing to the column of smoke, and hissing tongues of flame, which darted through the lower windows.

'Stand back!' cried the brave young man; 'he is my dearest friend,' and he sprang up the ladder. Battling with smoke and flame, he reached the garret, which was as yet untouched, and burst the door open; there lay his friend in a drunken sleep.

'George,' cried he, laying his hand on his shoulder, 'wake up; the house is on fire.'

No answer.

'George!' cried he again, violently shaking him, 'you'll be a dead man in two minutes; come away—the house is burning.'

The sleeping man stirred, opened his eyes for a moment, and murmuring, 'I don't believe it,' turned on his side and closed his eyes in stupid insensibility. Hs would-be deliverer had but just time to drop into the fire-escape to save his own life.

Reader, those words, 'I don't believe it,' have destroyed thousands of souls and may destroy yours. We try to arouse you; we cry to you, 'Awake, thou that sleepest;' and you say, 'Get you gone.' We tell you of the lake of fire; you say, 'I don't believe it.'

'O hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening stage be run.
—'Friendly Greetings.'

Let Us be Friends.

'Among my earliest recollections,' says an English writer, 'is a pillar which was set up as a mark of the borough bounds. As we passed it one day, I remember my father told me a story of the pillar. "Some years ago," he said, "a writ was about to be served upon a man for debt; but the debtor, upon seeing the officer, started off and ran as hard as he could for this point, fully three miles distant. The officer, though in full chase, could not overtake the man, who ran till he reached the pillar, and then feeling safe, because beyond the bounds of the officer's jurisdiction, stopped. The latter, knowing he had no authority to seize him, appeared to submit; but he held out his hand, saying, 'Let us be friends at any rate.' The debtor, thrown off his guard, took the proffered hand, when the officer, with a desperate effort, pulled him within the boundary, and clapping the other hand on his shoulder, shouted, 'You are my prisoner!'"'

I do not know any more fearful or vivid picture than that of the way in which we may sometimes be drawn back into evil ways after a long struggle against temptation and the pride and overconfidence that may follow victory. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall!' Let the officer in the story represent the bad influence, the special temptation that is today besetting you or me. We have resisted bravely and think we are safe. 'Let us be friends at any rate,' says the sin in its soft, fair voice; and an instant later the terrible words ring out, 'You are my prisoner!

How can we help it? What safety is there for us? In this, and this only: 'God is our father!' When we resist, his strength helps ours. When we throw ourselves, panting, beyond the clutch of sin, we are not left alone, with only an enemy hovering near. Our Father is by our side, and already stronger for the good fight we have fought, we may take his hand and be safe. —'Wellspring.'

Sent Home to a Dying Wife.

In January, 1894, a man by the name of Theobald, nearly seventy years old, a good Christian, and a member of the church to which I then ministered, sent for me to preach at his wife's funeral. When I reached his house he told me the following story:

'I am engaged every day in soliciting orders for a large grocery house in this city. I live in the West End, some three miles from the place of my business. I travel about the city in a buggy. Yesterday morning I kissed my dear wife good-bye as usual, leaving her in better health and spirits than usual for her. I drove to the southern part of the city, some five miles from home. I at once took my horse to the smith's for shoeing. All at once, while waiting, I was seized with an uncontrollable impulse to go home immediately. I thought it a foolish impression and tried to throw it off, but in vain. I went across the street to solicit orders while waiting on the smith, but I was so agitated over the impulse to go home that I could not take an order. Something seemed to say to me that I ought to go at once. I could not possibly banish the impression.

'I left my horse at the shop and took the first electric car for home, feeling a little foolish that I had yielded to a mere impression, and was going home without being able to give myself a reason for doing so. It seemed that the cars would never reach my home, so urgent was the feeling that I ought to be there immediately. On reaching my home which I had so recently left in such a happy state of mind, I found my wife so nearly dead that I was just in time to be recognized by her, and to see her pass away in a moment.'

Some may attempt to explain this on scientific principles, but to my mind it is clear that the Lord in this way sent this faithful brother to the bedside of his dying wife.—J. L. Parsons, in Boston 'Christian.'

One Woman's Prayers.

(D. L. Moody in New York.)

When I was in London in 1872 I went to the Old Bailey where Sunday-school teachers and ministers used to meet to pray. I was asked to preach in a church in the north end of London. It was an independent church and in the morning service the people seemed cold, formal and stiff. In the evening, while I spoke a hush seemed to fall over the people and it was then God got in his work.

I determined to ask for an expression of feeling. It's pretty hard to get an English audience to give an expression. I asked all who wanted to be Christians to stand up. They rose like one. Then I asked all who wished to become Christians to come into the inquiry room. They filled it, and there were hundreds of converts.

I couldn't understand it. It was something I had never seen before. It seemed like a miracle. During the following week there were four hundred persons taken into that church on profession of faith.

Later on I found out all about it. The work was done by a bed-ridden woman. Her prayers, and not my preaching, brought down the fires from heaven.

She belonged to that church, and when she was taken sick and confined to her bed she put in her time praying that something would happen to cause a great revival of faith in her church and build it up. She saw my name in a newspaper and something about my work in America.

Then she set herself to pray that the American preacher should preach in her chapel. Her sister came home that Sunday and said: 'Who do you suppose preached this morning?'

She guessed a number of names.

'No,' said her sister to each one, 'it was Mr. Moody from America.'

The woman's dinner came up just then, but she sent it away saying: 'No, I don't eat to-day, I spend my time in prayer and fasting, I know what this means.'

That evening, all the time I was preaching, that soul was appealing to God for me. I know that in eternity it will be found that her prayers brought those people to salvation.

And, it was because of her prayers that Mr. Sankey and I went to Europe the next year, and through her prayers that tens of thousands of souls were saved over there. It's the real prayer of faith God wants and he'll answer it.

A wealthy widow of Cleveland, Ohio, supports thirteen missionaries, and is now making a missionary tour of the world to show her interest in the work.—'Spirit of Missions.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

'Joyful News.'

Lina Preston was only a humble little worker in her Master's vineyard, thinking very little about herself, and very much about her great trust for God. She had a history dreary enough, if not actually sad; yet she received her sort of nickname, 'Joyful News,' the name by which she became well known in almost the saddest and loneliest part of her life.

Left an orphan, without brothers or sisters, at the age of ten, she had been brought up by an elderly relative, sour of temper and

bitter of tongue, who never ceased to remind Lina of her deep indebtedness to her, and demanding all the service and devotion of which the girl was capable.

Lina tried to do her duty, and succeeded nobly. In spite of all Cousin Ursula's unlovableness, Lina tended her with ungrudging cheerfulness. Sometimes, indeed, she unconsciously found herself wishing for more congenial surroundings, but the depression soon passed away, as a rule, and all through the troublous years of poverty, grumblings, and fault-findings she kept sunshiny and bright as a summer's day.

People, knowing the sort of life she led, used to wonder. 'You must bear a charmed life,' they said to her sometimes. 'You never seem in the 'blues,' and yet, like other folks, most likely you have your troubles. How is it?'

'I suppose my life is charmed,' she would say, smilingly, 'or rather, I forget it, having another. What does anything matter when one's best life is held 'hid,' so that nothing can touch it?'

'Well, you are a saint,' would probably be the reply. 'Anyhow, your secret seems to answer, whatever it is.'

Lina could hardly remember the time when her heart had not belonged to God; but she always said the greatest crisis in her life took place on the death of her cousin Ursula.

This old woman, to whom Lina had so willingly devoted the best thirty years of her life, left her absolutely penniless; and at forty she found herself stranded on the world, without any prospect of livelihood.

She was allowed to remain in the house two months, in order to 'turn round,' as the trustees said, and she had just a very little money in the bank, though her so-called allowance had scarcely been sufficient to clothe her. When the two months were over, and her money had all gone—what?

Here was indeed a hard case, and a great test of faith. A woman no longer young, with no especial talent (for such had been the old cousin's selfishness that she never could bear to see Lina doing anything that did not immediately concern her), how was she to make a living in this great bustling world, and face that great struggle for existence which, alas! is no stranger to so many? But she never for one moment lost her courage and her wonted cheerfulness, so firm and restful was her trust in God.

'I have indeed much to be thankful for,' she said to a friend almost as poor as herself. 'Look what a sturdy little thing I am. As long as I have health and strength to do work, I am sure God will give it me.'

'But how will it come?' said the friend, who was a great deal less confident. 'You have only one week more here, remember.'

'Well, I have done all I can in answering advertisements, in keeping my eyes and ears open, and letting people know I am willing to do anything, however humble or 'menial' it may be.'

'You have many friends too, haven't you?'

'Yes; but I shall make no claim on them if I can help it. I believe God is ever ready to help those who try to help themselves. I leave the rest to him. And,' she continued with a merry laugh, 'if all my applications fail, I can but be a charwoman. An honest, clean, strong woman can generally manage to get a day's work somewhere.'

'You are joking,' said her friend.

But she was not, and went to church that evening to join in the praises and thanksgivings, singing as sweetly and heartily as ever, quite ready in her heart to accept a charwoman's life, if such were God's will.

As she came out of church she met a small boy crying bitterly.

'What's the matter, my little man?' she asked.

'Baby's dyin,"' he gasped, 'and mother's done up. I have come for Mrs. Piley to go to her, and she's out, and they say she won't be home till Monday. I don't know who else will come and see to us. Mother will die too, I know, for father's away all the week, and there's nobody but me to help her.'

For a moment Lina's eyes twinkled. Considering 'me' looked barely five years old, his help would not be of a very substantial nature. Then she said, 'I'll come and see your mother if you like. Perhaps I can help her. Don't cry so, but take me to your home.'

So he took her hand and led her through the dirty, crowded streets, on into a poor but respectable neighborhood. Here in a little cottage they found the mother, as the boy had said, fairly worn out, and broken down with sorrow and dreary nights of watching.

'I'm not Mrs. Piley, but I've come to help you if I can,' said Lina, in answer to the woman's look of wonder.

'You're very good, miss, I'm sure. I suppose you are a 'sister' or something, are you?'

'No, I'm only just a poor woman like you; but I met your boy crying because of this trouble, and because Mrs. Piley couldn't come. I thought I'd just look in and see what you wanted. My house is locked; the key is in my pocket. No one will be waiting for me.'

The woman looked at her in dumb gratitude, and thence to the poor suffering child, who was lying in her arms, motionless and deadly pale, but still breathing.

'I don't think she's in any pain,' she said, 'leastways the doctor said not. That's one comfort; but oh, it does grieve me to part with her!' We allays so wanted a girl, and they've allays died. We can't keep 'em. This'll be the third girl we've buried.' And her sobs broke out afresh.

Lina only said, 'Now you go to bed. I'll watch baby to-night.'

The mother might have hesitated to leave her darling with such an utter stranger, but a sweet light in Lina's face forbade any mistrust of her. 'You look good,' she said, 'and I'm so dead beat I hardly know what I'm doing.'

'I'll call you, should there be any change,' said Lina.

So mother and son went to bed, and Lina sat and watched by the dying baby. All through the long dreary hours of the night she sat there watching and thinking. There was no sound, no movement in the little cradle. From time to time she bent down her head to make sure the little one was breathing, or to feel whether its heart was still beating.

She felt strangely awed. Here she was face to face with death once more, all alone with the baby-soul soon to enter its ever-

lasting rest; with leisure too, to think on her own anxieties, which for the moment had been entirely set aside by her sympathy with this household. Hers was indeed a heart that could be

'At leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.'

She was much with God that night. That poor kitchen became a sanctuary. In after years that dim oil-lamp, that glimmering firelight, that dying child, were all associated with the divine presence of him who 'is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' At length came the grey dawn, and with it a slight movement in the cradle.

Lina called the mother hastily, and together they watched the baby-spirit passing away. The mother's grief was heartrending, but by degrees some comfort crept into her soul as she listened to Lina's loving words of consolation.

'"Suffer little children to come unto Me." Ay, I must think of that now. Strange, how I had forgotten those words. I knew them once, but they had slipped away from me. Say them again.'

So again and yet again Lina said them, and took occasion to speak also of that Gracious One by whom they were uttered, how he left his heavenly throne to come down as a helpless baby, even as this one here had been, so that he might redeem us by living and dying for us.

'And do you think,' said Lina, earnestly, 'that he whose love was so great will desert you now in this your great sorrow? He is here as truly as you and I are here; we have his promise that he is; let us tell the trouble to him.'

So together they knelt down, while Lina pleaded for all those 'afflicted in mind, body, or estate.' Then they talked quietly for some time till the daylight was quite broad.

'Now I am going to get you some tea,' said Lina, 'then I will prepare this little body for its resting-place, and help you about the funeral.'

'There isn't any tea in the house, or bread either,' said the poor mother, 'and Tommy will soon be awake and crying for his breakfast. I had forgotten all about eating.'

'The shops will be open by now. I'll go and get some food,' said Lina.

She went out, and meanwhile Tommy awoke, and, as his mother had anticipated, declared himself hungry.

'And, mother, who is that woman who came last night?'

'Dear me, Tommy, I never thought of asking her name. Well, to think of it. How stupid of me! But I was that dazed, and am still, that I can think of nothing properly. Except of one thing, though, the joyful news she brought me about baby.'

'Baby's better, then?' he asked, looking into the cradle, but turning away again awed.

'Yes, baby's better. She'll never know pain any more, nor sin. She's gone to heaven, to be with the kind Jesus who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." And we may be sure he will be good to her, Tommy, for it was he who loved us so much that he came down as a little baby to grow up and die for us. That's the joyful news, Tommy. It's joyful news indeed.'

Tommy took it up as a refrain, 'Joyful news! Joyful news!' not at all understanding it, but feeling that he need not cry or be so miserable as he was last night, because his mother seemed so much happier. '"Joyful news!" Where is she now? Will she come back?'

'I think so, Tommy, soon. She's gone to get some breakfast.'

'Breakfast!' shouted Tommy 'Tommy hungry. "Joyful News," gone to get Tommy's breakfast. Hurrah!'

Lina at length returned, laden with tea, sugar, bread and butter. The mother met her with something like a smile on her pale face.

'Here's Tommy been giving you a name,' she said, 'as I never had the sense to ask you what yours was. He's been calling you "Joyful News," cos I told him what you'd said about baby.'

'I wish I deserved that name,' said Lina. 'My real name is Lina Preston, and in five more days I sha'n't have a home in the world,' she added brightly.

'Well, I shall call you 'Joyful News.' It suits you real well, for you do seem the best and kindest creetur that ever lived. But I'm sorry you're badly off; though, indeed, you don't seem to take it much to heart,' said the woman.

'What have you done here?' asked Lina, glancing at the re-arranged cradle. 'I told you I would do all that.'

'Why should you?' said the mother. 'I'd a washed and dressed her if she'd been living; why should I mind doing so now that she's dead?'

Very beautiful the tiny baby face looked in the calm majesty of death. Lina turned round to see how Tommy was affected, and to comfort him if he were frightened. But he had solemnly marched up to the fireplace with a medicine bottle very nearly empty, and was holding it upside down, so that the contents drained out into the fire.

'Bab will want no more of this now,' he remarked, with an air of deepest wisdom.

In spite of their sorrow, the two women could not help smiling.

'No one knows what a comforter he is,' said his mother. 'Again and again he has almost made me forget my troubles, for the moment, by his funny little ways.'

Lina's trust was not in vain. On the evening of the baby's funeral the vicar of the parish called to see her. He told her that his present bible-woman was moving to another district, and there seemed no one exactly fitted to take her place. 'Unless,' he said, 'you think you can undertake it.'

Lina's eyes filled with grateful tears.

'Oh, sir,' she said, 'there is no life I should like better! But do you think I am worthy? It seems too good to be true.'

'My good woman, there is no one who would do the work better. But I thought perhaps you had other plans in view. It's a poor salary, and you've no private means, I know.'

'I have but one wish,' said Lina simply, 'and that is that I may 'follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." And I think I have been brought up to live upon as little as most.'

Eventually, therefore, it was decided that Lina should move to her humble lodgings the very next day, and begin her work as soon as she liked. How thankful she was; how her heart sang with gratitude! Needless to say her first visit was to the bereaved mother, who happened to live in the very street that had now become Lina's special district. Of course the poor woman was loud in the praises of the new biblewoman.

'We've got a good un now, I reckon,' she said to her neighbors. 'A rare un she is. I never shall forget her the night baby died. 'Joyful News' is a rare un, I can tell you.'

'Why, is that her name?' they said.

'No, of course not. She did tell me her other, but I forget. But my Tommy would call her "Joyful News," and it seems to suit her best.'

So being introduced by that name, no one in that district hardly ever called her anything else. Well she earned it. All down the rows of houses anxious souls hailed the sight of her; for her very smile and presence was a comfort and joy, and so was the 'news' which it was the business of her life to carry.

'As poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.' "Joyful News's" pocket was often very nearly empty, yet she was rich indeed—in love, in cheerfulness, in true charity.—'Light in the Home.'

Lucinda.

(By Dorothy E. Nelson.)

Mrs. Crocker was spending the afternoon with Mrs. Blanchard. Lucinda had seen her coming and ran away to the attic with a book. Lucinda was a very conscientious little girl, and she left the attic door open in case her mother called, but she kept hoping that she should get so interested in her book that she would not hear. But her very anxiety not to hear made her more alert than usual. She fancied she heard her mother's step a dozen times, more than once she involuntarily put her fingers in her ears, but she removed them instantly, and sat waiting with a look of wretched expectancy. Finally her mother really did call.

'Yes'm, I'm coming,' answered Lucinda. She closed her book and went slowly down stairs. She stopped quite a while outside the sitting-room door, and finally opened it and hurried into the room as if thrust in by the physical embodiment of her own desperate resolution.

Mrs. Crocker looked up and held out her hand.

'Ain't you going to shake hands, Lucinda?' she said.

Lucinda crossed the room and put a little limp hand into Mrs. Crocker's. Her color was coming and going nervously. Lucinda was fourteen—though she looked no more than eleven—but she had not yet overcome her childish dread of strangers; even neighbors whom she had known all her life were formidable to her. Now she stood there, with her shy eyes raised appealingly to Mrs. Crocker's, looking like a little shrinking figure of dread.

'Haven't you anything to say to me, Lucinda?'

'I—I hope you're pretty well,' faltered Lucinda helplessly.

Lucinda's mother looked at her compassionately. 'I guess it's most time for you to feed the chickens, Lucinda,' she said.

Lucinda gave her a grateful glance and slipped away as silently as a shadow. She ran out to the barn and fed the chickens, and then walked down the road a piece. Her spirits had risen now that the ordeal was over; she sang to herself in a sweet little high voice, as she filled her arms with long plumes of golden-rod.

Suddenly she heard voices, and like some shy wild creature she shrank into a clump of bushes by the roadside. It was Mrs. Crocker and Lucinda's Sunday-school teacher, Miss May Atwood. Lucinda loved Miss May dearly, and wanted to speak to her, but couldn't bring herself to face Mrs. Crocker again; so she stood still. As they came nearer she caught a few words—Mrs. Crocker was speaking.

'Yes, I saw Lucinda for a minute,' she said. 'I never saw any one act so in my life! Looks as if she thought you'd eat her up if you spoke to her! It must be a real cross to Mrs. Blanchard—an' she such a pretty-mannered woman, too; I felt just like speaking my mind out to Lucinda to-day, but she didn't give me a chance! I reckon she knows the commandment—I wanted to ask her if she thought 't was honoring her mother to act so a stranger'd think her

mother hadn't brought her up anyhow! I don't.'

'I think it is more Lucinda's misfortune than her fault,' said Miss May's gentle voice. 'I am so sorry for her! If she doesn't conquer it she will miss so much all her life.'

Lucinda heard no more. The voices went on but she seemed to hear the same words over and over again in ceaseless iteration. She flung herself down on the ground and thrust her fingers in her ears, but the voices did not stop. It seemed as if her whole being was keyed to the words, and they went on and on as ceaselessly as her heart beats. For a long time she lay there, her wretched little face set in hard lines.

'Mrs. Crocker had no business to say that, she said to herself in anger. 'I don't care—I won't care! I won't, I won't!'

Suddenly Lucinda started up; her mother would not know what had become of her. The soft sunset hush had crept over the earth, and through it Lucinda went wearily home, the one jarring note in all the sweet harmony of nature.

Her mother was watching for her at the gate.

'Where in the world have you been, Lucinda?' she said.

'Oh, just down the road a little ways,' said Lucinda 'I didn't know it was so late.'

'Well, come right in—supper's all ready,' said her mother.

Lucinda sat down at the table, but she scarcely ate anything. Her mother looked across at her anxiously.

'You ain't sick, are you, Lucinda?'

'No 'm,' answered Lucinda. 'I guess I ain't much hungry, that's all.'

Her mother went to the closet, and coming back with a jar of her best quince preserves took out a saucerful for Lucinda.

'There!' she said, 'do eat something, child. It worries me to death to see you act so.'

Lucinda tried to eat, but it seemed as if the quince preserves would choke her. Suddenly she put her head down on the table, crying as if her heart was broken.

'Lucinda Blanchard, what does ail you?' cried her mother, running over to her. Lucinda clung to her convulsively.

'Oh, mother, I do love you—you know I do,' she sobbed.

'Why, of course I know it, Lucinda. What ever put such a queer notion in your head? Has anybody been saying anything to you?'

Lucinda shook her head. She tried not to cry, but her handkerchief was a little wet wad of cloth before she finally stopped.

Her mother had watched her anxiously; now she said, 'I'm going to put you right to bed, Lucinda, and if you're not better in the morning you can't go to Sunday-school.'

Lucinda looked up in alarm. Shy as she was, she would do anything sooner than lose a lesson with Miss May.

'Oh, I'll be all right in the morning,' she said. 'I guess I was just tired.'

She was glad to go to bed. She felt like some poor little storm-beaten bird, bewildered by pain and fright.

Her mother tucked her in bed and arranged the pillows for her.

'There!' she said, 'I'll leave the light for a while, seeing it's so early, and then come up and take it away at your bedtime.'

She set the lamp on the bureau where it would not shine into Lucinda's eyes, and then went down stairs. Lucinda waited a few minutes, then she crept softly out of bed. Her little red-covered bible was lying on the stand; she carried it to the light and turned to the fifth commandment. She had been well-trained and knew the commandments perfectly, but she wanted to see the very words. The lamplight fell full on her little serious face with the traces of tears still upon it. She stood there quite a while perfectly still, then she turned the pages to the first chapter of Joshua. And to this shrinking child, facing her shadowy enemies, came the same message of strength and cheer that had been sent to the Jewish leader centuries before. Lucinda closed the book and put it back in its place. When her mother came up to take the light Lucinda was fast asleep, and there was a look of quiet peace on the pale little face.

The next morning Lucinda seemed more like herself. She was very quiet, but she ate her breakfast and said she was rested. Her mother helped her get ready for Sunday-school, which was held before church, and watched her as she walked down the road. Lucinda's heart was beating hard but she did not waver. One of the neighbors was just ahead of her. Usually Lucinda would have lagged behind, picking autumn leaves for Miss May, and she longed to to-day. It seemed as if there were invisible cords between her heart and every bright wayside thing, holding her back, but she hurried on.

Suddenly the neighbor was startled by seeing Lucinda's face looking up into hers with an expression of desperate resolution, while Lucinda's voice said tremblingly, 'How do you do, Mrs. White?'

'Land sakes, Lucinda Blanchard, how you did scare me! You came so quietly I didn't hear a sound. How queer you look, child—you're not faint or anything, are you?'

'Oh, no,' answered Lucinda. 'I guess I was hurrying to catch up.'

'To catch up with me? You don't say so! Well, now that's real nice of you. I was going over to see how old Mrs. Gates is this morning. If I was as spry as I used to be, I'd get her some of those red leaves. Seems if they'd brighten her up a bit.

'Oh, I'll get some for you,' said Lucinda.

She ran up the bank and broke off all the leaves she could reach. It almost seemed as if their brightness was reflected in her face; she had quite forgotten her shyness in the pleasure of helping somebody.

'Well, I'm sure I'm much obliged,' said Mrs. White. 'I s'pose you're going on to Sunday-school.'

'Yes'm,' nodded Lucinda.

'Well, good-by, then.'

'Good-by,' said Lucinda with a shy smile.

It had taken so long to pick the leaves that Lucinda was almost late for Sunday-school. Her place was on one side of Miss May. The girls took turns for the seat on the other side, but Lucinda always held this one; she did not feel as if she could recite before the others unless she was touching Miss May. Miss May had explained it to the other girls so that they always gave up to Lucinda. To-day, however, they thought she was not coming, and Celia Ames had taken her place. She rose to give it up as Lucinda entered. The quick color came into Lucinda's face, but she slipped into the corner seat.

'You stay there,' she said. 'I guess 't isn't fair—I've had it so much.'

The girls looked curiously at her.

'Why, Miss May said,' one began, but Miss May interrupted her.

'There is the bell,' she whispered, and the girls all became quiet.

It seemed to Lucinda as though she never could recite that Sunday; she was quite sure she never could have done so had not Miss May seemed in some strange way to understand, and encouraged her. After Sunday-school was over Lucinda was turning away when some one caught her hand, and she looked right up into Miss May's shining eyes.

'You were a brave girl to-day, Lucinda,' she said.

'Oh, no, ma'am,' said Lucinda earnestly. 'I wasn't a bit brave. I almost thought I couldn't sometimes. But I will, Miss May, because,' she faltered and glanced down at the little red-covered bible—she couldn't say it even to Miss May.

But Miss May understood.

'I know you will, dear,' she answered. 'That help never fails.'

That afternoon Lucinda was restless. She opened her Sunday-school book, but she could not read. Finally she went and stood beside her mother.

'Mother,' she said hesitatingly, 'I want to ask you something queer. And I can't explain it.'

'Well, what is it, Lucinda?' said her mother.

'Suppose you had done something wrong and hadn't known it was wrong until you heard somebody say so; and then you were sorry and wouldn't do it again, and wanted to tell that person so. Couldn't you go on Sunday?'

'It is something that couldn't wait till Monday?'

'Yes'm, I s'pose it could' said Lucinda, 'but you see it would be till after school, and oh, mother, I want it over! It isn't anything you'd mind, truly mother.'

'I can trust you, Lucinda,' answered her mother. 'You can go if you want to.'

Lucinda gave her mother a quick shy kiss, and then hurried off for her hat. She looked in at the door before she started.

'I won't be very long,' she said.

She went soberly down the road until she turned in at Mrs. Crocker's gate. She knocked at the door and Mrs. Crocker's daughter opened it.

'I came to see your mother,' said Lucinda. Her face was so white that the girl was frightened.

'Ma's lying down,' she said, 'but I'll go call her.'

She ran quickly upstairs.

'It's Lucinda Blanchard,' she said, 'and I guess something's the matter. She looks just as white!'

Mrs. Crocker came hurrying down, buttoning the sacque she had slipped on as she came. Her daughter's face looked curiously over her shoulder.

'What is it, Lucinda?' she asked. 'Your mother; ain't sick, is she? She looked real well this morning.'

'No'm,' answered Lucinda. 'It wasn't mother I came myself.'

She glanced appealingly at the daughter, but the girl did not move, so Lucinda began speaking. She spoke very fast, but in little gasps as if she was panting for breath.

'I was in the bushes by the road—yesterday—when you met Miss May—and I heard what you said—about the way I acted—and not keeping the fifth commandment. I hadn't ever thought of it before. I'm dreadfully sorry. I'm going to try real hard. You—don't know how I love my mother. 'Tisn't her fault any—it's all mine. And I wanted to tell you. If I try real hard, you don't think people will say that about mother, do you?'

'Lucinda Blanchard, did you come way over here, to tell me that?'

Lucinda nodded. 'Do you?' she repeated anxiously.

'Well I should say not! Loretta, ain't there some of that frosted cake—'

'Oh, no,' said Lucinda. 'I can't stay. I told mother I wouldn't. Thank you ever so much, but I guess I'd better go.'

The two women watched her down the road.

'Did you ever hear the beat of that?' exclaimed Mrs. Cocker.

'Well, I think 'twas real brave of the little thing,' said her daughter.

'Yes, 't was,' answered her mother.

Lucinda went down the road through the quiet of the Sabbath afternoon. She had a little bunch of golden leaves in her hand as she entered the sitting-room.

'Well, is it all right now?' said her mother.

'Yes'm, it's all right,' answered Lucinda happily

She went up to her own room. She was too young to know that the day had been a crisis in her life, or to realize the difference the resolve would make to her own happiness, but she knew that it had been a beautiful day. She opened her little red-covered bible to the first chapter of Joshua and put her most beautiful leaf in it so that its golden tip pointed to the words,

'Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersover thou goest.'—'American Messenger.'

The House of a Thousand Terrors.

More than three hundred years ago, the city of Rotterdam awoke one autumn morning to find a squadron of Spanish warships floating on the broad bosom of the Maas.

The enemy had come! Like an electric spark the tidings flashed through the city, startling the inhabitants out of their usual quiet routine of duty. The enemy had come! Women turned pale and clasped their children to their breast, and men rushed forth into the streets by one common impulse.

Hitherto Rotterdam had escaped the fate which had befallen so many other towns in Holland. Now their time was come. The Spaniards had stolen upon them unawares, and rumor whispered that the city gates were to be thrown open to the foe:

The town was astir from one end to the other. Pale faces looked through every window, and the streets were thronged with stern-faced men, who gathered for a moment in groups, and then sped on to the Town Hall.

There tumult reigned. Terror, not uncalled for, blanched the faces of the boldest, and indignation found vent in a storm of protest. Presently the voices hushed, for the grave burgomaster stood before them with uplifted hand.

In a calm, unimpassioned manner, which of itself had a soothing effect upon the excited multitude, the chief magistrate told them that their fears were needless. In his hand he held a letter, received that morning from Admiral Bossu—a letter written with the express purpose of allaying any groundless alarm. In spite of this warlike array of ships and men-at-arms, the admiral's intentions, it seemed, were peaceful. All he asked was permission to march through the town, in order that his troops might join the main body of the army. If the good burghers would grant this favor, he pledged his word of honor that no harm would befall them.

Once more a storm of eager voices filled the great hall; some, in the strong reaction of relief, voting for acquiescence; others, more prudent, fearing treachery.

Again the burgomaster spoke. He reminded his hearers that might was on Bossu's side. His request denied, he would certainly assault the town, and no mercy could then be expected. This danger a courteous reply might avert, and why should they doubt the admiral's honor? Bossu, although serving the Spanish king, was yet a fellow-countryman, and therefore had a claim upon their respect.

The discussion which followed was less vehement in character. The policy of concession gained ground; for none could deny that the city was in no condition to offer a successful resistance to such a troop as Bossu had at command. Moreover, the honest burghers had no wish for war. Most of them were shopkeepers, with instincts commercial rather than martial. In defence of their rights they could, and would, fight valiantly, but they preferred peace while peace was possible.

A vote of agreement was accordingly passed, permitting Bossu and his men to march through Rotterdam. To satisfy the prudent minority, however, the burgomaster added a condition to the warrant. Only one corporal's company at a time was to enter the town. To this document the admiral set his seal.

The citizens dispersed, each to his home, his shop, or his warehouse, satisfied that all was well.

But one man was not satisfied. A prosperous burgher, who lived at the corner house of the great square, went home ill at ease. He, for one, had no faith in Bossu's specious promises, and his heart thrilled with anguish as he thought of the women and children in the houses he passed. What a fate awaited them!

Compassion born of true benevolence ever bears fruit. Before he reached home, he had determined to do what one man might to rescue these helpless lambs from the fierce wolves of Spain.

His good vrouw entered heartily into his scheme, which was neither more nor less than the turning of her well-kept, spotless home into a general house of refuge. It was no light trial to the careful Dutch housewife to submit to the spoiling of her dainty furniture and the scratching of her polished floors; but the sacrifice was cheerfully offered.

To make more room, all the furniture which could be moved at such short notice was bundled into the back yard. The shutters were also closed, and the windows broken, in order to give the house a wrecked appearance. Then they invited their neighbours to take shelter beneath their roof—an offer no less than a thousand women and children are said to have accepted.

Meanwhile, by order of the burgomaster, the city gates were thrown open, and the Spaniards entered; not only a corporal's company, but the entire troop; not peacefully, for each man had a drawn sword in his hand. The gate-keeper, terrified at the sight, attempted to reclose the gates, and was at once cut down and slain by Bossu himself. On they swept, the wicked admiral at their head, his sword red with the blood of the murdered gate-keeper.

A general massacre now began, and a long, wild shriek of agony arose above the doomed city. Alas for the men, who with misguided confidence, were busy with their ledgers instead of buckling on their swords! And alas for the hapless women and children who already filled the streets, flying they knew not whither, for death met them at every turn!

The corner house was now full; packed from garret to cellar with trembling fugitives—men and women armed with the courage of despair, and little children too frightened to cry.

When no more could be admitted, the master of the house locked and barred the door, and taking the kid, his vrouw held in readiness, he cut its throat and suffered the blood to stream beneath the door.

Not a moment too soon. The tread of armed men was heard; the great square resounded to the clash of steel and the shrieks and groans of wounded and dying men and women.

Now the assassins reached the corner house, and, pausing in their dread work, glanced up at the broken windows. Here was a house they had not desolated, yet upon the white doorstep was ample evidence of slaughter! The blood seemed to cry, 'Enough!' Here the work of destruction is complete. Pass on!'

So on they sped, carrying death and ruin in their train; while from the house of refuge arose a deep, voiceless burst of thanksgiving to him who had granted success to the simple stratagem.

In the peaceful Rotterdam of to-day the old Dutch mansion still stands—the time-worn monument of a by-gone day of woe. Above its ancient doorway it bears this well-earned title, 'The House of a Thousand Terrors.'—'Boys' Sunday Magazine.'

A Hero of the Plague.

(Mary Angelia Dickens, in 'Boys' Sunday Monthly.')

In one of the prettiest parts of Derbyshire there is a village called Eyam. It is a little place now, but two hundred years ago it was smaller still. There was just one winding street, the church, and the parsonage. One of the houses in that winding street belonged to a tailor, and to this tailor's house, one hot September day in 1665, came a box of patterns of cloth from London. The apprentice who unpacked the box thought the patterns seemed curiously musty and damp, so he hung them before a fire to air. But before the last piece was taken out of the box he began to feel ill. He grew worse rapidly; three days after, the terrible dark spot known as the plague spot showed itself on him, and the next evening he died.

Every one in Eyam knew of the great plague which was raging in London at this time, and a shudder of fear went through the village as the people realized that this dreadful illness had come now to their own doors, carried by those patterns of cloth. Five people, besides the poor young apprentice, died in those hot September days, and many more in October. As the cold, winter weather came on, the danger seemed to decrease.

But the Eyam people did not dare to hope that the plague had left them, for here and there, through the short winter days and the lengthening spring ones, a man or a woman, or perhaps a child, fell ill and died of it. Spring had given way to summer, and it was June, 1666, when the plague suddenly broke out all over Eyam at once. In every house some one lay dead, or some one was dying; and the terrified people gave way to the wildest panic. Men forgot their courage; women forgot their tenderness. To fly from their infected homes, to escape — by any means, however selfish — from the danger and death that surrounded them, was the one thought which possessed everyone in Eyam.

Every one, with one exception. The rector of Eyam, William Mompesson, was a young man — energetic, clear-sighted, and full of devotion to the master whom he served. He had a delicate young wife and two little children. The children he had sent away some time before; his wife remained, to be his help and comfort through some, at least, of the dark days to come. He loved all three with all his heart, but he loved his duty more.

It was Mr. Mompesson who saw what the frightened people could not see. He realized that in flying as they proposed, to the neighboring towns and villages, they must, of necessity, carry infection wherever they went. He felt at once what was the right and noble course for Eyam to take. He gathered his

people together, and showed them how dreadful a wrong they proposed to do. He pictured to them the consequences which their flight must bring about wherever they went. He urged them to stay in Eyam. He begged them to meet what was coming with courage; to think not only of themselves, but of others; to sacrifice themselves for the good of those others as he was ready to sacrifice not only himself, but the wife whom he loved far better than himself.

We do not need to know exactly what were the arguments he used. We can each imagine for ourselves how a noble and Christian man would urge such a point. Mr. Mompesson had only been rector of Eyam for a year; he had no old-established love and trust in his people's hearts to help him. Only his intense conviction of the right of the matter, only the beautiful force of character which comes of a life spent in obeying God, could have gained the day. And it did gain the day. His persuasions prevailed. His calmness steadied the terror-stricken men; his self-devotion touched the hearts of the women; his example inspired them all. They consented with one voice to be guided by him.

Then Mr. Mompesson made his plans. He wrote to the Duke of Devonshire, who lived near, at Chatsworth, and told him that if the people of Eyam were supplied with food, they would stay in their own village, holding no communication with their neighbors, until the plague should be over. Supplies of all kinds were readily promised by the duke; and Mr. Mompesson fixed a boundary line beyond which no Eyam man, woman or child might go. Certain places were appointed where food was to be left at night by people from the neighboring villages, and fetched in the early morning by men appointed by Mr. Mompesson. One of these places is remembered still. It is called to this day 'Mompesson's' Well.'

So Eyam, by Mr. Mompesson's heroism, was shut off from the world to pass through its dark days alone. How dark those days were, no one but God can really know. The plague grew worse and worse, and the summer days grew hotter and hotter. So many people died that those left alive had no longer any time to bury them with any tenderness or care, and their bodies had to be laid in hastily dug holes.

But Mr. Mompesson's courage never failed. He went about among the living and the dying, carrying with him always something of hope and peace. Twice on Sundays and three times in the week this brave leader of a brave little band gathered them together in a beautiful glen called the 'Delf,' and there prayed with them that God would give them 'patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions.'

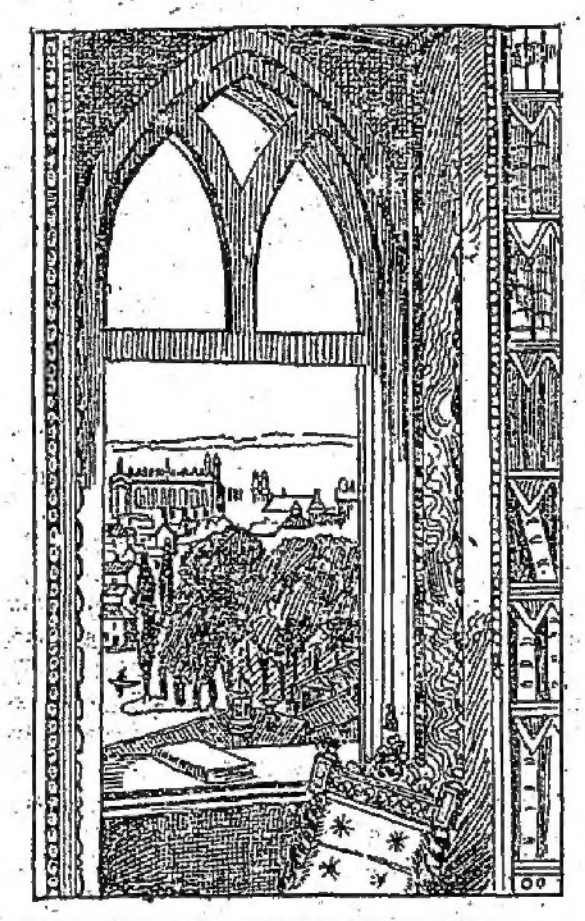
At last the deepest trial of all came to Mr. Mompesson. His wife, who had cheered him and helped him so bravely, fell ill of the plague and died. But even then he did not murmur. He gave her up to God submissively, and went on with his daily work, comforting and sustaining the failing hearts about him still. After his wife's death, however, he lost all hope for himself. He arranged all his worldly affairs, and planned the future of the two children, whom he never expected to see again on earth. But his work was not over. Another terrible month went by; and then, suddenly, the violence of the plague grew less, and early in October, it ceased altogether.

Eyam was left almost desolate. There had been three hundred and fifty people in the village when the plague began; there were only eighty-five people left alive when it was over. But the country round was saved saved by the courage and decision of one man. Eyam had passed through a dark night, indeed—a night of loneliness, terror, and death. But through that darkness, by his strength in doing right and his unfailing trust in God, the name of William Mompesson shone, and will shine for ever, in men's memories like a star.

Queen Victoria and the Sabbath.

A story is told in the early days of the Queen's reign which affords a lesson to all who needlessly deprive others of the Rest Day. Late one Saturday night one of the Ministers arrived at Windsor.

'I have brought down for your Majesty's inspection,' said he, 'some documents of



FROM THE LIBRARY WINDOW, WINDSOR CASTLE.

great importance. But as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on the time of your Majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning.'

'To-morrow morning!' repeated the Queen. 'To-morrow is Sunday, my Lord.'

'True, your Majesty, but business of the State will not admit of delay.'

'I am aware of that,' replied the Queen; 'and as your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the Palace to-night, I will, if the papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their contents to-morrow morning.'

Next morning the Queen and the Court went to Church, and so did the noble lord; and the subject of the sermon was 'The Christian Sabbath: its duties and obligations.'

After the service the Queen inquired, 'How did your lordship like the sermon?'

'Very much indeed, your Majesty,' was the answer of the nobleman.

'Well then,' said the Queen, 'I will not conceal from you that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon.'

Not a word was said during the whole of the day about the State papers; but when the Queen wished her minister good-night, she said, 'To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please; as early as seven, if you like, we will look into those papers.'

'I could not think of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour,' was the reply; 'nine o'clock will be quite soon enough.'

And at nine o'clock the next morning he found the Queen ready to receive him.—'The Queen's Resolve.'

Giving and Getting.

'I don't see how foreign missions help the home churches,' said Lou Baker, looking up at her mother. 'The preacher said they did yesterday when he was preaching about missions, you know.'

'Do you remember the beautiful beds of nasturtiums Mrs. Snow and I had last summer, Lou?' asked her mother.

'Yes. But—'

'But what has that to do with missions?' replied her mother, smiling. 'Let's see. Mrs. Snow would not cut her flowers, you remember. Her bed was a perfect blaze of color for a while. She wanted it to be the finest in town, and for a short time it was. Then the vines began to die, though she gave them the best attention. Before August there was nothing but dry stems left. The flowers had bloomed themselves to death, and withdrawn all the life from the roots.

'This year she did not plant any nasturtiums; she said they did not pay. My bed bloomed until frost. I was on the flower committee for the hospital, and sent great bunches of my nasturtiums every week to the sick people. I could not help it—they were so lovely, and brought so much brightness into the long, bare wards. I never thought of saving my plants by giving away my flowers, but so it was.'

'So you think, mamma, that the more we give to foreign missions, the more we have at home?

'"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty," quoted Mrs. Baker. 'When I saw the joy those flowers, gleaming like great blotches of red and yellow sunshine, brought into the days of these poor sick ones, I loved my flowers more than ever before, and thanked God more heartily than I had ever done for the beautiful gift of the flowers. They taught me a lesson on foreign missions.

'If we do not share our blessings and our joys, the beautiful flower of unselfish love will dry up and die in our hearts. When we give of our means and see the blessings we have sent bringing such joy and blessing into dark, sin-sick lives of others, our hearts are filled with a greater love than ever before to God who gave us these blessings, and so more and more he pours in upon our hearts, thus open to receive it, his love, that we may in turn pour this love out upon others. Now, my dear, do you know what the preacher meant when he talked of a church drying up; and, on the other hand, do you see what our dear Saviour meant when he said, that to him that giveth shall be given?'

And Lou, looking far into the evening sunshine, thought she saw.—'Onward.'

Improve Yourself.

If only people knew the value of time! A half-hour each day given to the vanquishing of some real books in history, science, literature, is three hours a week, is more than twelve hours a month, is more than twelve solid days, of twenty-four hours each, a year. What cannot the busiest person accomplish by such seizure of the fragments of time! Oh, if the young people only knew the culture possible for them by such simple means! And it is always the man who knows who gets to be the man who does, and to whom the chance for doing comes. Merely frittering away one's leisure—a lifetime devoted only to that, how pitiably sad! No ship drifts into harbor. No young person drifts into an achieving manhood or womanhood. Take time for improving yourself!

Too Near the Edge.

Jim had come for a holiday to his uncle's big sheep-farm in the Highlands. It was Jim's first visit, and never was there a happier boy. There were burns to fish in and trees to climb, there were six black calves and a long-legged young foal to visit in the stable and byre, while on every hillside the lambs were frisking. Jim got a long stick with a crook at one end, and tramped over the moors with his uncle, while Clyde and Rover, the two collies, trotted at their heels. The early summer days, long as they were, were not long enough for all the boy's plans and pleasures.

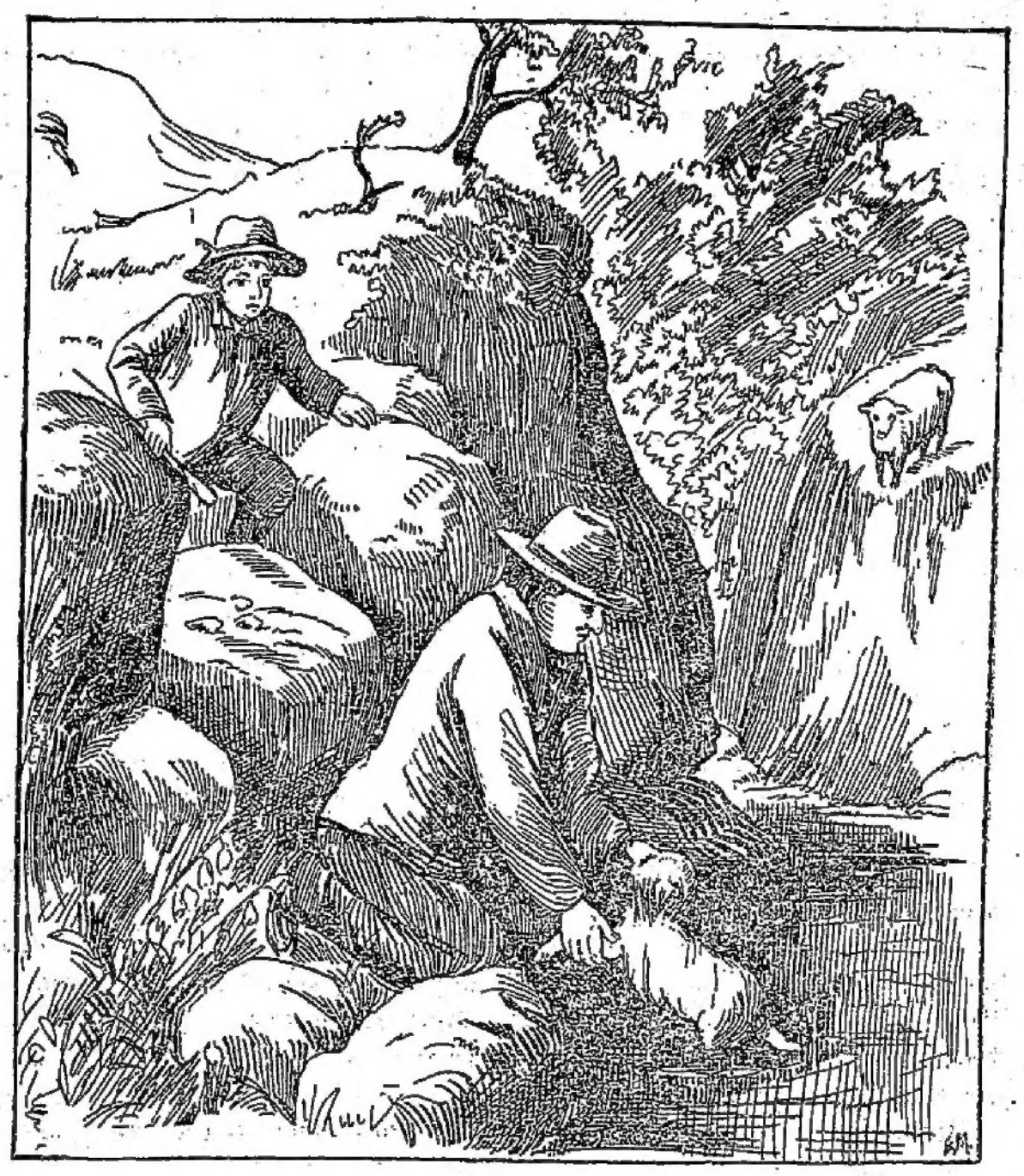
One thing, however, surprised him very much. There was no wine or spirits at dinner or supper, as Jim was accustomed to see at home. Sometimes, when his father was in a very good humor, he would get a little sip too, and his father would laugh loudly and say that was the stuff to make a man of him. His mother would shake her head and look very grave, but Jim was just at the age when a boy thinks that everything that his father does must be right, and he soon forgot his mother's anxious face. Jim, who knew very little about Bands of Hope, often wondered why his uncle did not take wine, as Father did, and one day when they were out on the hills, he asked his uncle the reason.

Uncle Will, who knew how things were in the boy's home, was glad of the chance to give him a kindly word of warning.

'But you don't mean to say, Uncle Will,' said the boy, after they had talked a while, and his uncle had spoken of the temptation and the danger of strong drink, 'that every one who takes drink will become a drunkard.'

'No, certainly not, but every one runs the risk of it. It is like walking too near the edge of a precipice—if you have a cool head you may go safely enough for a while, but at any moment one slip may plunge you to the bottom. Now, I think it far wiser and safer to keep away from the edge altogether,' said Uncle Will, with a smile.

Jim pondered this for a minute, then looking up, his eye was caught by a sheep on the other side of the linn, as it was called, a deep rocky glen, through which a swift stream dashed down into a deep, dark pool, overhung with thick trees.



TOO NEAR THE EDGE.

'Look, uncle!' he suddenly exclaimed; 'look at that sheep over there, it's running about in such a funny way!'

Uncle Will looked. The sheep was making short runs in every direction, as if seeking for help, but it always came back to the edge of a steep crag, and looking over into the black depths, uttered a piteous bleat.

'Her lamb has gone over the linn!' cried Uncle Will, and he set off, running towards the pool, with Jim after him, at the top of his speed. Uncle Will disappeared into the deep gully, and when Jim came clambering over the rocks his uncle had reached the water's edge. The eddy from the fall had swept the struggling lamb within arm's reach, and he was gently drawing the poor frightened creature, all dripping and gasping, out of the water.

'Oh, the poor, pretty little thing! It's not drowned, it's not hurt, is it?' cried Jim, scrambling down. 'How glad its mother will be, what a good thing it was that we were so near! It must have been playing about over yonder, and fallen over the edge.'

'Yes,' said his uncle, significantly, 'it went too near.'

Jim looked up at the crag where a little while ago the lamb had been frisking in the sunshine, and then down into the deep pool out of which it had been rescued.

'Uncle Will, you are right,' he said, suddenly, 'I'll keep away from the edge.'—'Adviser.'

The Child Who Did Not Want to be Saved.

('Reformed Church Record.')

Some of my readers may have read many a terrible story of the Indian Mutiny, and although you know nothing of those dark, dreadful days yourselves, perhaps your soldier father or uncle, (like my soldier husband) could tell you many tales of horror which they have seen and passed through in those sad times. One little incident I came across the other day points out a very solemn lesson to old and young.

You remember that in troubled

or suspected districts, English families living outside the cantonments received orders to leave their pretty, cool bungalows, and big, flower-filled gardens, and to take their children, servants, and belongings into the fortified barracks, or some hastily constructed fortress, so that if any sudden attack of the Sepoys occurred, at least there would be more chance of safety.

Amongst the English residents at C—— was a lady, her husband, and three little girls; the youngest, Juliet, being the spoiled darling and pet of the household, accustomed to always getting her own way, even when it was anything but good for her little ladyship.

When Juliet heard her father give her mother directions one morning to pack up all that was necessary, leave their bungalow that very evening and take shelter in the barracks, she was very cross and angry.

'Juliet will not go into a hot, nasty, stuffy place,' cried the wilful little maiden, stamping her pretty foot. 'And she won't let her dolly go, either.'

But nobody heeded her protestations. News had come in that the rebels were gathering in the neighborhood, and might be expected to make an attack upon the garrison at any moment. All knew what that meant — death, terrible, and violent, robbery and insult to every white man, woman and child found without the English fortress.

Trembling with fear the lady and servants packed a few necessaries, and, as the evening came on, stole away by two's or three's to avoid arousing attention, each carrying a small parcel or bag. Juliet refused to accompany her mother, and chose instead the escort of her ayah, and Mrs. Forrester, knowing the woman's faithfulness, committed her precious child to her keeping, asking her to start at once.

But Juliet knew she could manage her devoted black nurse; and the wilful child, heedless of danger or commands, had determined to stay in her own pretty home, and amongst her pets. So she delayed the ayah, until the last in the bungalow, and then racing into the garden, defied her to catch her, and declared she would not go.

In vain the ayah coaxed, stormed and threatened. Juliet laughed and flitted about amongst the flowers and through the empty rooms like a will-o'-the-wisp. Half mad with terror, as the sounds of shouts and drums reached her ears, the nurse wept and prayed in turns. But Juliet cared nothing about her tears; she had pleased herself for eight years of life, and she was going to please herself now.

What would have happened to that naughty, foolish child, but for a mother's quick eye and loving heart, one dare not stop to picture. But Mrs. Forrester, missing her child when within the fortress, wept so bitterly, and appealed so frantically for help that a brave English trooper's heart was touched.

'Don't go, Bailey!' shouted a dozen voices, for his comrades knew he was risking his life. But Trooper Bailey had a blue-eyed girl of his own in the dear old England, and he could not bear to see that mother's agony.

He sprang on his horse, galloped to the bungalow, lying a mile away, right in the pathway of the oncoming rebels, snatched the screaming, angry child from her seat in the garden, and swinging her into the saddle before him heedless of her struggles and tears, he dashed back, putting spurs to his horse.

The foremost of the enemy's ranks caught sight of him, and a rain of bullets followed him; but, as by a miracle he escaped, and reached the fortress to deliver the child to her delighted and grateful mother.

'Oh! Juliet, darling — oh! my child!' it was all the poor lady could say, straining the child again and again to her heart. And, then, noticing her angry face and tear-stained cheeks she said:

'Is my pet frightened? Never mind now. Trooper Bailey has saved you like a brave English hero as he is. Come, my child, kiss him and thank him with all your heart for saving your life.'

But Juliet — with pouting lips and angry frown — stood before him.

'I won't kiss you,' she said. 'You are a naughty, bad man to take me away from my toys and my ayah. I did not want you to come and save me!' And then she began to sob and cry, and beg to be taken back again!

Of course you are just as much shocked and astonished at this as Juliet's father, mother and friends were. You think it very, very strange that any child could behave so ungratefully and selfishly to her deliverer. You wonder how she could be so indifferent to her danger, and careless about her safety. You say it was foolish to cling to her toys and games when death threatened her on every side.

But I have met so many boys and girls just like Juliet in spiritual things that my wonder has long since ceased. For there are many souls quite unconscious of spiritual danger; although warned by God's Word and faithful Christian friends of the 'wrath to come,' they are heedless and careless, happy with their games and amusements, caring nothing about sin and its fearful consequences.

You may tell them the wonderful story of Jesus Christ; how he laid down his life to save sinful men and women, boys and girls; how he dashed amongst the hosts of sin and dared the wrath of devils to save even one poor little careless child—but they turn a deaf ear. They do not want to be saved. Like Juliet, they do not appreciate the love and goodness of their Saviour.

Is this true of you—and you?

Have you ever thanked the Lord Jesus from your heart for his great, glorious salvation? Or have you never once thought of doing so? Will you thank him now, for the first time, and let lip and life join ever afterwards in one sweet note of praise?

The Dearest, Goodest Mite.

I isn't very big you see;
I isn't very old,
But do you know that people say
I'm worth my weight in gold:
Because I always try to do
Whatever I am told!

I'm only just a tiny tot,
And very fond of play;
But when there's any work to do
I put my doll away,
And do all sorts of busy things
That mamma says I may.

We've got a lovely garden,
Where pretty flowers grow,
And I help dear sissy pick them
Most carefully, you know;
Then I take them in to mamma
In my wee apron, so!

And she pays me lots of kisses,
And hugs me very tight,
It's just the same as daddy does,
When he comes home at night:
'Cause both of them declare I am
'The dearest, goodest mite!'
—'Our Little Dots.'

The Primary Catechism on Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON V.

THE VARIOUS KINDS OF MALT LIQUORS

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

Q.—What is lager beer?

A.—Beer that goes through its last fermentation very slowly and stands a long time.

Q.—Is it intoxicating like other beer?

A.—It is, just in proportion to the alcohol it contains.

Q.—What is its proportion of alcohol?

A.—About four or four and a half percent.

Q.—What do you mean by percent?

A.—So many parts in the hundred.

Q.—What is the proportion of alcohol in common beer?

A.—About five percent.

Q.—What is the strongest malt liquor.

A.—Old English ale, which often has ten, twelve, or even fourteen percent alcohol.

The Ox Sermon.

(Rev. Charles S. Wood, in 'American Messenger.')

Old sermons have sometimes been spoken of as 'dried tongue.' But there are many discourses founded on divine truth that are a living power long after the voice that uttered them has become silent. Such is the well-known Ox-Sermon, which has had a wide circulation in America and Europe.

It was written by the Rev. David Merrill, and preached in the Presbyterian Church of Urbana, Ohio, more than sixty years ago. This effective weapon of the past has been brought into use in the recent conflict between the friends of temperance and the liquor power in Ohio. It was repeated, March 15, 1895, in Urbana by the Rev. J. B. Helwig, D.D., the pastor of the church once served by Mr. Merrill.

Those who are conversant with the condition of society sixty years ago know how general was the use of wine and liquor in all parts of the United States and also in England. The year 1825 was the culmination of this tide of intemperance.

When the evil was at its most appalling stage the heart of the people was awakened. The organization of the Temperance Society in 1826 was followed by energetic and far-reaching efforts to stay the flood of vice, and temperance reformation in a variety of methods became one of the most powerful and widespread movements in the United States. The Ox-Sermon was one of the forces in this reformation which acted powerfully upon the opinions and feelings of men. It was an original argument, which created and educated public opinion, yet it was simply a new application of principles underlying one of the laws of Moses.

The text is in Exodus xxi., 28, 29: 'If an ox gore a man or a woman that they die, ... and if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death.'

The principle is that every person is responsible for the evils which result from his selfishness and indifference to the welfare of others.

Two points are stated and clearly established:—

1. Is ardent spirit wont to produce misery and wretchedness and death?

2. Has this been testified to those who deal in it; that is, makers and retailers?

The affirmative proof is so powerfully stated that it could not be denied. Then the startling conclusion inevitably follows that they are responsible for the effects of the liquor they make and sell.

One who reads the sermon to-day will not find its positions new or strange; but when it was delivered they were regarded as 'violently new school,' 'dangerously radical,' and 'impracticably ultra.' It aroused considerable opposition and harsh comment. But during his earthly life Mr. Merrill had the satisfaction of knowing that through its influence many liquor sellers at great pecuniary sacrifice gave up this business, and that it made friends and advocates of temperance of many who had been its enemies.

The first delivery of the sermon gave no promise of its future widespread usefulness. The occasion was a temperance meeting attended by less than one hundred persons. It was printed in the 'Urbana Citizen,' a weekly paper. A copy of it was sent to the author's brother in Indianapolis. It was read by Mr. John H. Farnum, who caused a pamphlet edition of five hundred copies to be printed at Salem, Ind. The Rev. M. H. Wilder, a tract agent, sent a copy to the American Tract Society, which passed it on to the Temperance Society. It was published as the 'Temperance Recorder, Extra,' for circulation in every family in the United States. The edition numbered 2,200,000 copies. Numerous editions have been published since.

About 1845 the American Tract Society published it as No. 475 of their series of Tracts, and up to 1890 issued 184,900 copies. They also publish an edition in German. An abridgement of it, under the title, 'Is it Right?' was published, and 100,000 copies of it distributed.

It has also been circulated in Canada, in England, in Germany, and in other countries, but the foreign circulation is unknown. Few, if any, sermons have been so widely read, and probably none has had so great an influence in moulding public sentiment.

The recital of this discourse awakened such an interest that a request was made for the sermon on the text, 'Neither be partaker of other men's sins,' known as the mate to the Ox-Sermon.

His First Chance.

A young man had just joined the church. He was in the very first glow of religious elation, and eager to do something definite and important to prove himself worthy of the Christian name. It was a country church, old and conservative. There were few young people in it, and there did not seem to be any opportunity for practical every-day Christian work.

In the congregation was a man who had been a drunkard. To use a common phrase, he had reformed, and had become a changed man. He was thinking seriously of uniting with the church when his probation had ended.

One day, in stress of temptation, he was overcome by his old appetite. He remained under its debasing influences for about a week. Then he went in great trouble to a friend and said: 'What shall I do?'

'Do?' said the other. 'There is but one thing to do. Go to the prayer-meeting. Take your usual seat, rise at the usual time and tell the whole story. Ask the pardon of God and of the church. Do this, if you are sorry. If you are not sorry, stay away.'

The poor fellow went, and did as he had been advised. Tremblingly he told of his temptation and of his fall. With tears he offered his confession, and asked that the petitions of God's people might be offered for Divine help, that he might never again be overcome by temptation; but not a word of encouraging response or a prayer in his behalf was offered by any of the members.

The meeting ended. The people filed out past him on their way from the church. Not one of them approached him. It seems incredible—but this is no fiction. They who had vowed to cherish and help the penitent and the fallen went out and left their erring brother standing alone in his shame in the House of God.

'It can't be true. He must be a hypocrite,' one said to another, as an excuse for this neglect.

'It is no use to coddle such men. They are a disgrace to the parish,' said a third.

The young church-member passed out with the rest. Some feeling of sympathy agitated his heart. He watched the retreating figure of the abashed and humiliated man as he slunk away from the church with bowed head. The sight troubled him. He went home, but could not stay. He wandered out again, and his anxiety led him to the drunkard's house.

He hardly dared to knock at the door. He grew hot and cold, wondering what he ought to do. At last, he thought he heard a woman weeping within, and summoning all his courage he rang the bell, and then wished himself a thousand miles away. He had never spoken to the man in his life, and he thought that probably his intrusion would be considered impertinent.

The wife admitted him, weeping.

'Oh,' she said, 'help me! Maybe you've come in time to stop it. John is going away. He's packing up. He's going for good! He's leaving me and the children! He'll never come back. He says he'll never set foot in this town again. He's so ashamed for what he has done, and the way they've treated him. He never can hold up his head again. Oh! can't you plead with him, and prevent him from going?'

The young man forgot his timidity. 'I will try,' he said. He went into the room with the discouraged penitent and shut the door. The sounds of pleading—then of prayer—came through the partition to the wife's eager ears. An hour later the visitor came out. Behind him walked a man whose head was erect.

'Well, Jennie,' he said, 'seems I've got one friend left in this place. As long as he sticks I'll try to stick, too.'

Hope and determination were stirred. Another attempt for permanent reform would now be made. The unselfishness of the young Christian, in doing what others did not do, had accomplished this. The man was saved to his family. His soul had been strengthened in its fight with evil. Such consecrated work by every Christian would win supreme honor to Christianity and hasten the universal reign of Christ in the hearts and lives of men.—The 'Family Circle.'

The saloon-keeper in many cases abhors his business, but puts on his apron because 'there is money in it.' The town hates the saloon and fears it, but answers not a word when 'money talks.' A church must be popular or go behind financially, and a church that must be popular is worthless—as a church. I reckon that millions of people in America see the validity and value and virtue of the argument for the prohibition of the saloon. But the money devil whispers, 'That is all right, but what about the saloon-keeper's trade? What about your salary, your seminary, your chance of office, your subscription list, your new church?' and they break down at the 'money question.'—John G. Wooley.

LESSON XIII.—September 26.

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'—Matt. v., 16.

Home Readings.

M. Acts xv., 15: 36-16: 40.—Lessons i, ii.
T. Acts xvii., 17: 1-34.—Lessons iii, iv.
W. Acts xviii., 18: 1-28.—Lesson v.
Th. I. Thess. iv., 4: 1-18.—Lesson vi.
F. I. Cor. viii., 8: 1-13; 13: 1-13.—Lessons vii, viii.
S. Acts xix., 19: 1-20: 38.—Lessons ix, xii.
S. II. Cor. ix., 9: 1-15; Rom. 12: 1-21.—Lessons x, xi.

REVIEW QUESTIONS FROM THE 'PILGRIM QUARTERLY.'

LESSON I.

1 What was the route of the second missionary journey ?
2. In what city did Paul find his first convert ?
3. What was her name ? Native place ? Occupation ?

LESSON II.

1. Where did Paul and Silas get into prison?
2. Why were they put there ?
3. What did they do in their dungeon?
4. How were they let out?
5. What can you tell of their jailer?

LESSON III.

1. How many Sabbath days did Paul preach to the Jews of Thessalonica ?
2. What happened then ?
3. Where did Paul's friends send him by night ?
4. Why were the Bereans called 'noble' ?

LESSON IV.

1. What did Paul see in Athens that troubled him ?
2. What did he do on Mar's Hill ?
3. At what part of his sermon did the hearers begin to mock and laugh ?

LESSON V.

1. Where did Paul go when he left Athens ?
2. With whom did he make his home in Corinth ?
3. How did he earn his daily support ?
4. What chief ruler believed the gospel ?
5. How long did Paul stay in Corinth ?
6. What encouraged him to do so ?

LESSON VI.

1. To what church did Paul write a comforting letter about working and waiting for Christ ?
2. What did he say was proved by Christ's resurrection ?
3. What great day did he say was coming ? What is the best way of preparing for it ?

LESSON VII.

1. Why did Paul write to the Corinthians about idols ?
2. What trouble arose in the church about them ?
3. What was Paul's advice to those who thought as he did ?

LESSON VIII.

1. To whom did Paul write a chapter all about love ?
2. To what did he compare a man who is without this grace ?
3. What did he call greater than faith or hope ?

LESSON IX.

1. Why was Paul opposed at Ephesus ?
2. How did he interfere with trade ?
3. What did the crowd keep shouting for as much as two hours ?

LESSON X.

1. To whom did Paul write these words about giving ?
2. What did he say about cheerful givers ?
3. What did he say God was able to do ?

LESSON XI.

1. What does this lesson say about Christians' behaviour toward each other ?
2. What about treatment of enemies ?
3. What about ways of doing business ?
4. How is one to behave in trouble ?
5. How shall he act toward strangers ?

LESSON XII.

1. Where did Paul meet the Ephesian elders ?
2. Where was he going ?
3. What charge did he give them ?
4. What did he ask them to imitate in his own example ?

Lesson Hymn.

It may not be on the mountain top,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front,
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still, small voice he calls
To paths that I do not know
I'll answer, Dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
I'll go where you want me to go.

Perhaps to-day there are loving words
Which Jesus would have me speak;
There may be now in the paths of sin
Some wanderer I should seek—
Oh, Saviour, if Thou wilt be my Guide,
Tho' dark and rugged the way,
My voice shall echo Thy message sweet,
I'll say what you want me to say.

There's surely somewhere a lowly place,
In earth's harvest field so wide,
Where I may labor through life's short days
For Jesus, the Crucified—
So trusting my all to Thy tender care,
And knowing Thou lovest me,
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere,
I'll be what you want me to be.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Sept. 26. Eternity.—John: 17-29.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Sept. 26.—Keeping one's temper: how? why ? Prov. 16: 1-5, 13 18, 23, 24, 27, 28, 32.

Precious Memories.

A prominent Sunday-school teacher, of long experience in New York State, urges upon teachers the value of having their pupils commit to memory the Sunday-school lesson, or part of it. The advice is good. The time was when the class exercise in the Sunday-school consisted chiefly of the repeating, too often in parrot-like fashion, of memorized portions of Scripture. That practice, of course, is not to be commended or imitated. But the memory is given us for use. It is strongest and brightest in the young. Why should it not, then, be used ? Who that learned by heart rich passages of Scripture, in the old-fashioned Sunday-school, thirty, forty, or fifty years ago, does not to this day often find comfort and strength and blessing in recalling them? In one particular we should be disposed to modify the advice above quoted. Why confine the memorizing to the lesson? Why not let every boy and girl in the school be asked to 'learn by heart,' not merely one or two memory verses, or a part of the day's lesson, but connected passages of some length, of the very choicest portions of Scripture? Such passages, for instance, as the Sermon on the Mount, the thirteenth chapter, and generous portions of the fifteenth, of 1st Corinthians, the twenty-third, forty-sixth, and many other of the Psalms, etc. What but blessing can result from having the richest treasures of Holy Writ laid up in the store-house of memory ?—'Canadian Baptist.'

Firmness Without Severity.

Many a Sunday-school teacher is so fearful of being severe that he fails to be firm when firmness is essential to good order, and essential as well to self-respect and the respect of the class. How to be at once firm and tender is a problem to be solved by prayerful, watchful experience on the part of those who go to the class in Christ's spirit, and from a loving communion with him. Not long ago, a teacher lost her temper and displayed sufficient firmness at the same time. But the fun-loving boys went away feeling hurt, as if they had been misjudged when they really meant no harm by their antics. It is well for the teacher, when necessary, first to insist kindly on good order, and then to make a renewed effort so to interest the boys that they shall be diverted from class plays and class gossip.

Resigning Because 'It's Too Hard.'

Resigning because 'It's too hard' is not so uncommon among Sunday-school teachers that it deserves no mention. 'Boys too hard to manage,' 'Hard to get time on Sundays, there is so much going on,' 'Hard work to attend teachers'-meetings and to do thorough work on the lessons at home!' Yes, it is hard work, even for the most devoted. It is wise to count the cost, but it is also wise to estimate the gain. A teacher who gives up his class on the plea of such reasons as these is doing a foolish thing, so far as he himself is concerned, as a Christian pledged to Christ. Better to face the test, and resolve to 'do the hardest thing first.'—Sunday-school 'Times.'

The Teacher's Responsibility.

Benevolent offerings are largely dependent upon information. Pastors are constantly reminded that they are responsible in large degree for the giving of their congregations. They must give facts and inspiration if the congregations are to give money. Do Sunday-school teachers remember that they are equally responsible for the giving of their scholars ? In many schools there are accepted schemes of benevolences, perhaps arranged by months. No one can explain to the scholar better than their teacher the importance of the particular cause, its interesting features, the missionary setting, the joy of giving and of personal work and sacrifice to that end. Nothing does more to increase a school's contributions than such fidelity on the part of all its teachers.—Sunday-school 'Times.'

Israel's Enemy.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold ;
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of his spears was like stars on the sea,
Where the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
The host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved and forever grew still.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temples of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentiles unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

—Byron.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Spoiled Boy.

'Boys must make a noise or they will burst.' So said Johnny's father, as the little boy rushed into the parlor with a succession of war cries, whoops and yells.

Aunt Myra, who had lately arrived at Johnny's house, demurred at this doctrine. She had brought up three boys, giving them large liberty, winking at many childish escapades, sympathizing in their boyish pranks, trying always to be the friend and comrade as well as the provider and guide. But while wishing them to be free and happy citizens in the little republic of home, she insisted on the rights of their fellow-citizens.

'If,' she said, 'my boys are not trained from their babyhood to be gentlemen they will never reach that high estate.' So morning, noon and night Aunt Myra's boys were reminded that there were other persons in the world besides themselves, and by many a little easily comprehended lesson of denials and rewards they were taught to ask themselves: If I do thus and so will it hurt anybody's feelings? Will it disturb anybody? Will it cause anxiety or alarm? Thus, little by little, to think of the comfort of others became a second nature to them.

When Aunt Myra came to stay a while at her brother's she was daily astonished, outraged, dismayed, at the doings of Johnny. Instead of the cozy meals that the lady had been accustomed to, with pleasant conversation and bright sallies of wit, followed by the laugh that aids digestion, there was—Johnny. Johnny burst into effusive talk at the most inopportune times. Johnny wanted something that was not included in the menu, and, with loud raking of chair-legs, left the table. Johnny didn't like his meat, or he wanted more pudding—in short, he succeeded in making himself the family centre from the beginning of the meal to the end. Aunt Myra protested for a while, but finally gave up to 'Johnny,' like all the grown-up people who at any time became a part of the household.

'What do you propose to do with Johnny when he gets a few years older?' asked Aunt Myra of her brother one day.

'Oh, he will behave when he comes to the years of understanding,' said the gentleman. 'You mustn't expect too much of such a little fellow.'

Alas! the father did not live to see Johnny grow up. When the boy was fourteen Aunt Myra, full of sympathy for the desolation of the family, went to live with them for a while. Was Johnny the helper, the consoler of his widowed mother? Far from it. While not a bad boy, he was thoughtless, heedless, noisy, rasping, worrying, always drawing upon the patience and forbearance of the household.

'Aw! a fellow can't be expected to be on his good behavior all the time,' was one of his favorite expressions. Another was: 'What's a home for, anyway? You've got to be stiff and proper among folks, but home's the place to do as you wanter in.'

Alas for Johnny's home, and for Johnny's mother, and for Johnny himself! —'The Congregationalist.'

Effects of Pleasant Table Talk.

It used to be the custom in our house to talk over during meal time whatever disagreeable things had occurred at any time preceding. I don't know just how it came about, but we fell into the habit, and kept it up, as a great many people do such things, probably because it never entered our minds that we were doing a very foolish thing. One summer we had as a guest an old doctor of whom we were very fond. He was so entirely one of us that we never thought of changing our manners and methods, and so the usual discussion went on.

One morning something specially irritating had happened, and the whole family was in a state of ferment. The breakfast had been a very uncomfortable meal, and one or two members of the household had left the table with scarcely a mouthful of food. An hour or two afterwards the doctor took occasion to give me a bit of a lecture. He explained in the simplest possible fashion the effect of agitation on the digestion and questioned the wisdom of ever permitting unpleasant topics to be discussed at meals. He told me to observe particularly what my own sensations were if anything startling occured just after I had taken food. We had been a family of dyspeptics—nothing serious, but always with what we called weak stomachs. 'Our meals didn't set well,' as we expressed it, and almost everything seemed to upset us.

On the doctor's advice we made a hard and fast rule that under no circumstances should anything unpleasant be brought up at table. Nothing short of a cyclone or a fatal accident to man or beast was sufficient excuse for breaking this rule. In place of unpleasant topics we all by a sort of private understanding tried to have something funny or interesting to say when we came to table. If we failed to find anything worthy of comment, which occurred on several occasions, the ludicrousness of the situation struck us so forcibly that we gave way to outbursts of mirth, and a number of times we found ourselves giggling in what would have seemed to an outsider extremely silly things. Sometimes we laughed simply because there was nothing to say, and the effort to think of something increased our merriment.

Within a few weeks there was a notable improvement in the health of the family. This was particularly observable in one of the children, an exceedingly nervous, sensitive and timid youngster, who was pale, thin and irritable, and had given the family no end of uneasiness lest she were going into a decline. She ate literally nothing at table, but seemed possessed of a mania to fly into the kitchen and pick up whatever she could find there.

The doctor's talk set me to thinking and without exciting her suspicions I got her to speak of her appetite and why she liked things better when she picked them up between meals. She said they didn't taste good at the table; that they made a lump in her throat every time she tried to eat; but that when she took them in her hands and ran out of doors to eat them she felt better, for she was hungry almost all the time.

This was a text for a most valuable lesson and is one that every parent and nurse or care-taker of children ought to understand. I have asked a number of little ones since that time why they enjoyed eating between meals, and if I could get at the truth it was that they were so continually reproved at the table that their pleasure in eating was spoiled, or that everybody was so cross that they really couldn't eat with any comfort, and almost without exception they spoke of their food choking them. Without knowing the reason why, their nerves were so upset that they had the lump in their throats, a condition which makes eating almost impossible. The best medicine in the world for that lump is a good, hearty laugh; and high spirits and plenty of fun at table are better dyspepsia cures than all the doctor's stuff in creation.—New York 'Ledger.'

How to Have Happy Children.

Froebel long ago discovered that occupation was the keynote to a child's happiness. Bearing this in mind, a mother may help herself almost unlimitedly in the care of her children, particularly on a journey, which restless children often make a serious trial to their guardians. A pencil and a pad of paper have proved the best sort of nurse-maid to one mother on many an otherwise difficult railway trip with her little son.

In a Hudson River train the other day, another mother was noticed converting the restless fatigue of her young pair, a boy and girl, into contented and happy occupation with the aid only of a time-table map. It was a sufficiently large affair when opened to show a dozen states, and the ingenious woman improvised a game which completely absorbed her charges. Each in turn selected a city, the other endeavoring to discover its whereabouts, the mother letting the child who had not chosen guide her pencil as a pointer over the map, the other child following its course with the significant words 'hot' or 'cold,' as the location of the place selected was approached or receded from. For an hour and a half the game was kept up with unabated interest on the part of the children. Peals of laughter and exclamations of eager excitement greeted the halting progress of the improvised pointer. It is safe to say that the mother will see that a time-table map is in her travelling bag every time she sets out on a journey with her active youngsters. The same principles may be profited by for rainy days in the summer outing. Some simple, easily carried games or devices for children's entertainment will be found invaluable.—New York 'Evening Post.'

Sensitiveness.

(By Alice Hamilton Rich.)

How often we hear the expression, 'I am so sensitive,' when, if the truth were told, it would be, 'I am so selfish.' By sensitiveness is usually meant more than usual refinement. This may be true if we substitute refinement of selfishness, or inordinate self-consciousness. More often it is the woman, still oftener the young girl, who prides herself on her sensitiveness. If it is the little child, the foolish mother speaks of this quality as something of which to be proud, and because of which her child at home, in school, in society ought to receive special consideration. This is either given or not given as teacher or friends see fit. If it is given the child grows more selfish. Friends still politely call it sensitiveness as years are added to the young life. If mothers could but realize what obstacles to success and happiness they are themselves placing before their children, they would help their children to be sensible and unselfish, the two qualities which will, if planted early and closely to the sensitive plant, choke out the weed, for it is a weed. While selfishness is at the root of sensitiveness, self-consciousness is often the immediate cause. The one who most fully forgets self is least likely to see reasons to be sensitive. It is really an inordinate appreciation of self which makes one live in the lookout-tower and invite the shafts of the enemy and bare his bosom to the smiter. If a woman busies herself in home, church philanthropic work, if a man, when not occupied with business duties, interests himself in his own children and becomes absorbed in some recreative study, there will be little time to give thought to unpleasant criticisms, still less for the imaginary slights of neighbors and friends.—'Congregationalist.'

Selected Recipes.

Chocolate Bavarian Cream.—Soak half a box of gelatine in cold water for half an hour; boil one pint of milk, add the gelatine, two ounces of grated chocolate and stir until dissolved, then add half a cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla; pour into an earthen bowl until it thickens, then add a pint of whipped cream. Pour in a mould and let it stand on ice over night; serve with cream.

Breakfast Cakes.—One pint of flour, one pint of water and two eggs. Take half the water and stir in part of the flour to prevent lumping, then as it thickens add the rest of the water and flour. Beat the eggs thoroughly and add last with a small pinch of salt. The pans must be very hot and the oven quick.

Hominy Croquettes.—Boil the hominy and set away to cool. When thoroughly cold and stiff, mix with one egg, a little salt and juice of half a lemon. Mould into shape, roll in beaten egg then in cracker-crumbs and fry in hot lard. Serve with currant jelly.

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